

## A REAL PATRIOT ACT

Mr. LIEBERMAN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the article titled "A Real Patriot Act" by Dan Gerstein be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From Forbes.com, Aug. 19, 2009]

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS—A REAL PATRIOT ACT  
(By Dan Gerstein)

In this hothouse season of health care hollering, the most popular rallying cry seems to be "Read the bill!" But I would suggest that every politician—and, really, every American—would be better off taking a break from the accusations and acrimony of the moment to read about Bill. That would be Marine Corps Sgt. Bill Cahir, who was killed in action in Afghanistan last week, and whose immense sense of service stands out as a one-man antidote to the cynicism and selfishness that pervades our politics.

You almost have to read Bill's story to believe it. The son of two civic-minded parents from outside State College, Pa., Bill went to Washington right out of college to work on Capitol Hill (where I met him about a dozen years ago). When the partisanship and shallowness became too much to bear, he opted for another form of public service, taking a job as a reporter covering his home region of Pennsylvania from D.C. But after the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, something gnawed at him. He did not feel right sitting on the sidelines. His country had been attacked, as one friend told me, and he felt the overriding need to do something about it.

So after a long internal struggle over how to heed this calling, and fairly soon after meeting the woman he would marry, Bill Cahir, at age 34, joined the Marine Corps Reserves.

"We all thought he was crazy," said another friend. So did the Corps commanders. They were so incredulous that a 34-year-old reporter would give up his cushy life for a sure ticket to Iraq that they made him take a psychological test to prove he was of sound mind. His drill instructors at Parris Island were equally suspicious. They thought he was there to write an exposé, or that he might have a hero complex. So they punished him with special fervor, trying to break him. But they misjudged Bill.

"People kept asking him, 'You know what you're doing, right?'" one of the friends I interviewed said. "But he knew exactly what he was doing. He knew he was going to Iraq. He not only knew it, he embraced it."

And the Marines who served with Bill on his two tours in Iraq, including a highly dangerous stretch in Fallujah and the Anbar province as part of the "surge" strategy, embraced him in return. None of them questioned his motives (or that he once worked for Ted Kennedy).

"All I know [is] that he loved his Marines and we loved him," said Jason Brezler, Bill's team commander in Fallujah in 2006 and 2007. "I'm sure you've heard the whole notion that it isn't necessarily the U.S. flag that calls Marines to duty, but the love for their fellow Marines. I know that he would have risked life and limb for any of us on the team, because I watched him do it on countless occasions. And I know that the relationship was reciprocated by us in return."

"What amazed me about Bill was his consistent positive attitude," said Maj. Dan Whisnant, a former company commander in the 24th Marines. "Bill and I spent hours talking to Sheiks, children and the locals, and his sense of service to these people was infectious. He personally was going to create

a better life for these folks. I remember him playing with one of the Sheiks' young sons, and you could sense that the two had connected. Bill's sense of service, attitude and example to the younger Marines was something to behold."

Brezler noted that Bill's maturity was also a tremendous asset to their unit's mission. "Bill was a smart and compassionate warrior. There were instances where he could have employed his weapon against a group of kids who had attacked our convoy with grenades, but he exercised tremendous discipline and did not engage them, because he knew that the second- and third-order effects outweighed the immediate results." Brezler says he often tells this story when explaining effective counterinsurgency. "Many Americans—and even some in uniform—just don't get it," he said.

That was vintage Bill. He always did things the right way. A colleague of his at the Lehigh Valley Express-Times, Tony Rhodin, wrote that his favorite memory of Bill was from election night 2000, when Bill came down from Washington to help cover the campaigns on the ground. While everyone was riveted by the unresolved presidential race, Bill was still working the phones at 5 a.m., trying to get the latest results of an equally close congressional contest in the area. "He was here. There was news. It was the right thing to do."

So was running for Congress. When Bill returned from his second tour in 2007, he could have easily returned to journalism and settled down with his wife, René, to start a family. But he still burned to serve. He decided to go back to his hometown region and compete for the Democratic nomination in the Fifth District. His heroism in Iraq and his family's deep roots in the community were well-known to voters. But Bill was still concerned about being labeled a carpetbagger. To show his commitment to the community, he bought a home there. "This is important," he said to friends.

So too was going to Afghanistan in March with his unit, the Fourth Civil Affairs Group. After losing the congressional primary last fall, Bill went to work as a consultant. When he got called up again by the Marines, he could have avoided going to a hot spot. Instead, he sought it out. "This is what I signed up to do," he explained in an e-mail he sent out to his disbelieving friends.

I read about Bill last Friday, the day after he was killed by enemy fire in the Helmand province, a Taliban stronghold and the site of some of the heaviest fighting in Afghanistan, less than a week before the country's national election. It hit me in a deeply personal, visceral way. Bill was one of the most decent, genuine people I had ever known in Washington, and I remember speaking with him last summer about his campaign. I was crushed to hear that his wife was pregnant with twin girls, and that they would never get to know their honor-defining father.

But more than that, it made me truly realize, in a way that only the death of a friend and peer can, just how much we in politics take for granted the men and women who fight our wars for us. Not all of us, and certainly not all the time. But unless you have lost someone close to you, our recent military actions—especially the "forgotten war" in Afghanistan that took Bill's life—rarely and barely touch us. They are at best debate subjects, and at worst political footballs.

It also made me think about how the word "patriotism" has been demeaned and cheapened by blind partisans on both sides questioning their opponents' "American-ness." Perhaps if our leaders read about Bill, and learned more about what love of country really means from his example, they would think twice before casually hurling these hurtful accusations again.

Fortunately, word about Bill's remarkable story is spreading—he was the subject of a moving segment on Hardball Monday. And his family and friends have paid tribute to his memory by setting up a memorial fund to help assist his wife and their twins.

I heard from many of Bill's loved ones (some of them mutual friends, some of whom I had never met) in preparing this tribute, and none of them could fully explain where his overwhelming commitment to service came from. Bill was not one to toot his own horn. "He would probably be embarrassed by all this attention and being called a hero," one friend told me.

But while they may not have understood its source, they more than appreciated his impact, the lives he saved and the lives he touched. Perhaps the most fitting elegy came from Bill's brother Bart. "I won't offer any anecdotes," he said, "but rather a quote that I think summarized his life from Ben Franklin: 'If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are gone, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.' My view is that my brother did both." Semper fi, indeed.

25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AAO—  
CODE OF ETHICS

Mr. KOHL. Mr. President, I would like to congratulate the American Academy of Ophthalmology as this year marks the 25th anniversary of their groundbreaking ethics code. One of the first of its kind in the medical world, the Academy Code of Ethics represents a milestone. This self-initiated code of ethics paved the way and set the standard for numerous other codes of conduct within professional medical organizations. Since the code's inception in 1983, the academy's Ethics Committee has reviewed over 3,500 inquiries about ethical behavior and concerns about member conduct.

The American Academy of Ophthalmology is the largest national membership association of ophthalmologists, with 430 in Wisconsin alone. Its members are committed to advancing the highest standards of comprehensive eye care and are dedicated to enhancing the quality of life for every patient they serve. The academy uses its code of ethics, a consensus of the members' views on the ethical issues encountered in ophthalmology, to do just that.

I would also like to note the AAO's commitment to educating its members about unintended influence from the drug industry that can result from the acceptance of excessive gifts and payments. Since 1991, its Ethics Committee has encouraged its members to disclose potential conflicts to patients, the public, and colleagues. AAO's internal policies on this matter, which have been continually updated through the years, are very much in line with the Physician Payments Sunshine Act, S. 301, of which I am a lead sponsor.

Because so many complex ethical dilemmas affect nearly every facet of our